

enjoys his life intensely, even those evil days spent in charge of the drummer-boy at Umballa, as he enjoys those curious meals collected in the Llama's begging bowl.

"It is a great and wonderful World, and I am Kim—Kim—Kim—one person alone in the middle of it," says Kim, gravely considering his own identity as we all have done at one time or another, and generally with a wonderful satisfaction which is almost equal to Kim's, although probably with less cause.

Some of the best pieces of description are to be found in the chapters which record the Llama's wanderings among the hills:—

"Above, still enormously above them, earth towered away towards the snow line where, from East to West across the hundreds of miles ruled as with a ruler, the last of the bold birches stopped. Above that, in scraps and blocks upheaved, the rocks strove to lift themselves above the white smother. Above these again, changeless since the world's beginning, but changing to every mood of the sun and cloud, lay the eternal snows. They could see the blots and blurs on its surface where storm and wandering wulli-wa got up to dance, below them, as they stood, the forest slid away on a sheet of blue green for mile upon mile; below the forest was a village they knew, though a thunder-storm worried and growled there for the moment. A pitch of twelve or fifteen hundred feet gave to the lake "where the streams gather who are the mothers of Sathey." It is as a journalist that Kipling describes nature, not as a poet. His method is picturesque and practical, he draws the picture with clear cut bold lines, it is neither romantic nor sublime. Were he to pursue the same course with his characters he might produce accurate photographs but not living men and women; for the poet, and every novelist is in his way a poet, must add something to life—some indefinable quality, before he can produce human-beings who shall live and move in his pages, and appeal to the human sympathies of his readers. Kipling possesses this quality in no small degree; each of his characters is endowed with a portion of it, and it is always a pleasure to come across an old friend in a new position. The Woman of Shamhegh, she of the turquoise headgear, we once knew as Elizabeth of the Mission. Now she possesses several husbands and a memory. The episode of her meeting with Kim

is one of the jewels that adorn Kim as a book, and they are many, scattered here and there as the narrative runs. When the Search is finished the story ends; the story of the man who would be freed from all Illusions, which is told to a people who deal largely in Illusions—of sorts. And we leave the Little Friend of all the World in a fair way of learning "Truth," although she wears many disguises—

"Truth, and God's own Common Sense!
Which is more than knowledge."

D. S. E.

PETER'S WINDOW.

IN the winter a window often becomes frosted over, and beautiful as fern patterns in ice may be they are apt to make the window decidedly dense, and outside the winter fog may be mistaken for mists of futurity! At this date last year we had hardly learnt to courageously babel our idiosyncracies "twencent," and the former things did not seem to have passed away. Now we are beginning to feel that a new era is upon us and around us. We have so long been accustomed to associate pageanty only with the great scenes in a Drury Lane Pantomime that to see it undisguised in our streets gives us quite a shock! Yet the huge State chariot with its gilded tritons and painted panels and its eight little cream horses are becoming quite a familiar spectacle. The idea of royalty, being disassociated at last from one individual to whom homage was at once a natural instinct and habit of a lifetime, has now to be reconsidered. Its constitutional importance seemed to us to be crystallized for all time, not so its functional. All the world seems to be waiting for June as schoolboys wait for a treat—not merely for the sake of processions or gaities, but as the recognition of new ends, and new means for their attainment; and with no small degree of curiosity as to what precisely those ends may be.

In the meantime the war is always with us, and with the New Year our National prophet has given us a "piece of his

mind" on the subject of our fighting material. One wishes that he had not left the women folk out of it; quite as many "flannelled fools" and "muddled oafs" might be found amongst them. "Girls who play golf all the morning, hockey all the afternoon, and 'ping-pong' all the evening, have not much time for the refinements of life!" This phrase Peter is inclined to think by no means exaggerated—not that anyone let us hope would be narrow-minded enough to object to girls and women playing all three, but in the country nowadays it is so difficult to find anyone who can talk or think of anything else! The Greeks were athletical, but they were also intellectual and æsthetic.

There are so many things to do nowadays—"so many thoughts to be." Surely "A Book of Things to be Done" would be rather an interesting possession. Not things perhaps in which we could personally take any part, but things which we might help the world not to forget in its general rush and scurry. Here are a few items from such a book which Peter saw the other day:—

1. The preservation and training of African elephants.
2. To secure physical instruction in schools.
3. The establishment of an emigration "portfolio" in the government.
4. A systematic collection of English folk songs and singing games.

How many people, one wonders, know of Watt's chronicle of "Deeds Done" in the "post men's garden" by St. Martin's le Grand. There on tablets fixed against the wall are recorded the lives and deaths of such men and women as "the stewardess of the Stella" and others who were not unworthy of the opportunities of Life and Death.

Query—will the new era bring us a new National hero? We want one badly. At present we have to seek for heroic traits in popular generals and disillusionized orators—and we are often "left seeking." We want more than "political spade work," we want deep ploughed furrows to "bring new material to the surface." It is curious to consider that, all unconsciously, we may be training the new hero of the new era—which is he to be—a cabbage grower in a nation of allotments, or the federator of an Empire?

THE STUDENTS' DEBATING CLUB.

THIS new and delightful feature of ex-studentine life has only sprung into being during the autumn. The first "sitting" took place at 50, Porchester Terrace, by Mrs. Franklin's kind permission. The subject for debate was—

"Is Imagination on the Increase or on the Decrease?"

The first speaker held strongly that it was increasing, especially in inventions and discoveries, and in the power of comprehending other's positions and difficulties, as exemplified in the enormous increase of philanthropic work. In poesy and the arts, the abolition of the unities in dramatic work, and the attempt to collect and preserve ancient Celtic literature and folk-lore, were also cited as signs of an increase of imagination.

The relationship between realism and imagination was very fully considered, some speakers holding that realism was simply imagination acting upon details, and that the truest imagination might stand looking up above the world, but she had one foot on the solid earth of fact all the while.

One speaker tried to prove that modern public buildings like the Natural History Museum and the Imperial Institute, in their piteous attempts after something new in architectural style, were instances of the growth of imagination. Finally the meeting adopted the following resolution, not without protests from a small but resolute minority:—

"That this meeting holds that Imagination, while undoubtedly on the increase, is hampered by the influences of modern realism."

The second meeting, by kind invitation, took place in Croydon, at Mrs. Hall's, on January 18th. The subject for discussion was: "The Essential Qualities of a Great Man."

The proposer held that there were two types of great men—he who accomplished his appointed task by force of inspired genius, quite irrespective of and often without moral worth, and he who, by moral worth, raised the average of human life, quite irrespective of any question of personal